

it would be home nap
basement putterings Daily News
nap and an occasional holler
when we upstairs got overjoyed.
so my growing up was done
in the unused green
and i had romances and haircuts
and clap and every now and
again i would buy a Sunday paper
to send to the man downstairs.
but as was mentioned some
75 lines back the man
is now 55 years old with lumbago
and he wants a son.
maybe it won't be too bad.
he'll just want a kiss
once in awhile
and if i can do it for the
girls who pinch my cheeks
in the grass,
i can do it for him.

-- alexander m. silberman

Little Neck, N. Y.

survival is often nothing more
than a question of timing:
with one eye hanging on his cheek
he came to me an old man rain
in his face and the arms not
where they should have been;
he came to me the years whiskered
on his face and somebody laughing
down the street;
i did my best to just stand there
but he pointed a broken watch to my face
and tapped a finger on the glass;
one dollar his head kept nodding
one dollar
the noise slipping from between his teeth
and the cloud part of his chest;
one dollar his head bobbed up and down
his eyes like tied-fish-nets
hung on his cheek
one dollar he kept saying
until i put a quarter in his hand

and walked away as fast as i could
looking back only once.
his face was drawn into his teeth and
and his tongue dying across his lips
as he leaned against the bus-stop
holding the watch closely to his ear
listening

stolen fm. a letter to m. m.

under the belly
of the universe
hides a clown

.
.
.
.
crying

-- marcus j grapes

New Orleans, La.

The Perceptions

seated around the table
they
discussed the opening
flower's

bright colors & the in-
ward
movement of the petals'
growth

eluded their comprehension
so they
ignored it for a static
view

of the world. far away the
sun is
not a thing so far
away

they say.